

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. I.

TROY, LINCOLN COUNTY, MO.. FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1866.

NO. 24.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
EDMUND J. ELLIS.

TERMS, \$2 a year in advance.

Rates of Advertising.

One square, 10 lines or less one insertion, \$1 50
Each additional insertion, - - - 75
Administrators' Notices, - - - 3 00
Final Settlement Notices, - - - 3 00
Funeral Notices (of a single day), - - - 1 00
Each additional day in same notice, - 1 00
A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

All legal advertisements must be paid for when publication is certified to.

Transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash.

Advertisements not marked or numbered will be inserted till otherwise ordered and charged for at the above rates.

Professional cards of ten lines or less, will be inserted one year for \$10.

Marriage, Death, Funeral and Church notices will be published free.

All communications of a personal nature must be published under the writer's name.

Newspaper Postage.

The postage on Weekly Newspapers to subscribers, when prepaid quarterly or yearly in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery, per quarter, (3 months) five cents.

Weekly newspapers, (one copy only), sent by the publishers, to actual subscribers, who reside within the county where printed and published.

There are instances in which subscribers who reside within the county receive their mail matter at post offices beyond the county limits. Such persons are entitled to receive the paper free of postage. But subscribers who live out of the county, and receive their mail matter at a post office within it, must pay postage.

Regular Terms of the Courts of Lincoln County.

COUNTY COURT.—Second Monday in February, May, August and November.
CIRCUIT COURT.—Third Monday in March and September.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Senate.—John B. Henderson, of Pike county.
United States House of Representatives.—Geo. W. Anderson, of Pike county.
State Senator.—E. B. Carol.
Representative.—J. Winston Sisson.
Judge of Circuit Court.—J. T. C. Fagg, Mike.
Circuit Attorney.—E. P. Johnson.
Clerk of Circuit Court and Recorder.—A. H. Martin.
Judges of County Court.—M. L. Lovel, President; Sam. T. Ingram, and James Wilson.
Clerk of County Court and School Commissioner.—F. C. Galt.
Sheriff and Collector of Revenues.—J. R. Knox.
County Treasurer.—S. R. Woodfolk.
Public Administrator.—H. H. Hudson.
County Assessor.—D. B. Emiley.
Local Claim Agent.—J. M. McGowan.
U. S. Collector 4th District.—A. H. Martin.

MRS. DAVIS' BOARDING HOUSE.

No. 17 South Fourth Street.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Transient, Weekly and Day Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

JOE ALLEN, Attorney at Law.

AND AUCTIONEER.
Truxton, Lincoln County, Mo.

Will practice in all the Courts of the third Judicial Circuit. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
Dec. 12, 1865. n1

JAMES A. WARD, Physician & Surgeon.

Office one door North of Hart and Stuaerts,
TROY, MO.,
December 12, 1865. n1

JAMES M. McLELLAN, Attorney at Law, and MILITARY CLAIM AGENT.

TROY, Lincoln County, Mo.,
Office in the Court House.
Dec. 12, 1865. n1

WILLIAM PORTER Attorney at Law.

TROY, LINCOLN COUNTY, MO.,
Office in the Court House.
December 12, 1865. n1

F. T. WILLIAMS, Attorney at Law.

AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Truxton, Lincoln County, MISSOURI.
December 12, 1865. n1

AUCTIONEER!

JOSEPH H. SHELTON
OF Troy, having removed from his former residence, takes this method to inform his friends and patrons, that he can be found half a mile north west of Samuel Howell's store, on the country road leading from Troy to Middletown, and will attend to all sales when called upon, on reasonable terms. Thankful for past favors, and asks for a liberal share of business in his line.
April 13, 1866. n142m

TO THE LADIES.

REMOVAL.

MRS. SEDLACEK would respectfully inform the Ladies of Troy and vicinity, that she will remove her stock of **MILLINERY GOODS** in a few days, to the room opposite Waddie and Hutter Drug store, and one door east of the Post Office, where she will exhibit the latest style of

BONNETS, HATS, & RIBBONS & FLOWERS.

which cannot fail to please, and as good a stock as was ever brought to this market. I am also prepared to

Cut & Make Dresses

In the latest and most approved patterns.

All work in my line done with neatness and dispatch.

Thankful to the Ladies of Troy and vicinity for past patronage, I hope to merit and receive a continuance of the same, as it will ever be my study to please them. [April 20 1866.]

J. P. LYNOTT,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Tin Ware, Stoves, Plows

AND LIGHTNING RODS,

TROY, MO.

MANUFACTURER OF

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

Gutters, Lightning Rods and Spouting put up in the country at short notice, and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to. Special and prompt attention paid to all orders.

PRODUCE TAKEN

In Exchange for Work:

All kinds of Hags Bought.

Country merchants will find it to their advantage to call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined to

SELL AS LOW

as can be bought in Saint Louis.

Copper, Pewter and Lead

Taken in exchange for Work.

April 27, 1866. n18tf

H. D. MEYER,

Dealer in

DRUGS, MEDICINES PAINTS

OILS, DYE-STUFFS, ETC.,

Opposite the Court House, St. Charles, Mo.

February 9 1866. n7 1vr

JULIUS A. HENNING

No. 40 Market Street, South West corner of 2d,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Bookbinder, Job Printer,

and

BLANK BOOK MAKER.

Printing Jobs and Binding done on liberal terms

February 9 1866. n7 1vr

GIBBS, FIELD & ROSS,

St. Charles, Mo.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SAT-

INETS, TWEEDS,

FLANNELS, LINSEYS,

Jeans Blankets,

And Yarns.

500,000 Lbs. Wool

WANTED!

For which cash will be paid, or our manufactured goods exchanged.

GIBBS, FIELD & ROSS.

may 4, 1866. 8m

ST. CHARLES

WOOLEN FACTORY.

Corner Main & Chauncey Streets

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

PAULE WALTON & Co.,

Proprietors.

ARE at all times prepared to fill orders for

6-4 FULL'D CLOTHS,

6-4 MERINO CLOTHS,

PAID LINSEYS,

WHITE LINSEYS,

FLANNELS,

JEANS (of all colors),

CARPETS, FIGURED COVERLETS

All Wool Blankets,

Stocking Yarns, Etc.

To all of which we invite the attention of merchants and farmers. The highest market price paid for Wool. [May 4, 1866 8m

A short time ago the Radicals proposed to impeach the President and turn him out of office. Now they say the President proposes to disperse Congress. The truth is, the Radicals are badly frightened.

'I'll not Disobey my Mother, for any of You.'

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Several boys were playing ball. In the midst of their sport the clouds began to gather over their heads, and the rain began to fall. Freddy S. stopped and said "Boys, I must go home; mother said I must not be out in the rain."

"Your mother! Fudge! The rain won't hurt you any more than it will us," said two or three voices at once.

Freddy turned upon them with a look of pity, and the courage of a hero, and replied: "I'll not disobey my Mother for any of you."

I knew the boys to whom this remark was made, and that it required courage to face them in that way, but it was promptly and manfully done. He did not stop to consider whether he would be laughed at; he knew that he was right, and that was the governing thought in his mind.

Few boys stop to recall the reason why they should obey their mother. They have but faint ideas of a mother's love. They hardly realize that, before they are old enough to understand, their mother spent years of weary watching, both by day and by night, depriving herself of many comforts, if the need were, that her dear boys might not want a comfort or feel a pain. They forget that she taught them to lisp her name, as well as their own.

They forget that when accidents occurred she was near to kiss away the pain and bind up the wound. They forget that no hand but mamma's could make the bed to suit them, or tuck them up when they were between the sheets. They forget that there was a time, when to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," in mamma's ear, with one arm around her neck, and the other hand over their sleepy eyes, was a real comfort, and sleep was all the sweeter for it.

Few mothers ask anything unreasonable of their boys, and yet how unreasonable multitudes of them are to their mothers. Many a man has carried all his days a conscience that has smitten him by day and by night, for wrong committed in his boyhood against his best earthly friend. It seems as though such things stand out in memory more prominently than any other acts. Manhood mourns such errors, and weeps bitter tears over them.

He who commanded "Honor thy father and thy mother," knew well the human heart and gave us that command to be remembered, and often repeated by us.

Boys, learn to say with Freddy, "I'll not disobey my mother for any of you."—S. S. Times.

Hold on Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or to say an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games of mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times; for it is more valuable to you than gold high places, or fashionable attire.

The American Union published at Sidney, Iowa, until now a Radical sheet, has been purchased by Lucian J. Eastin formerly of Chillicothe, and transformed into a good old fashioned Democratic sheet. The paper is much improved in appearance and as a matter of course vastly so in politics. "Hurrah for the Union!"

The following is the answer to a letter sent to one of these advertising swindlers of New York, offering, for fractional currency, to send a "certain and quick mode of getting rich." "Work like the d—l, and don't spend a cent."

A GOOD ANSWER.—A young lady in a Sabbath school asked her class, "How soon should a child give its heart to God?" One little girl said, "When 13 years old;" another, "Ten;" another, "Six." At length the last child in the class spoke, "Just as soon as we know who God is."

Can he that prospers not truth, succeed by lies?

The Dog and the Thief.

"No dogs admitted, sir," said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance; "you must leave him behind, if you go in."

"Very well," said the young man; "stay about there, Prince, until I come back;" and he joined the crowd within. By and by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when behold, the chain had been nipped in two and the valuable timepiece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed into his mind.—So, stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter, and gained permission to take in his dog for a minute or two.

"Look here, Prince," said he, "my watch is stolen;" and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. "In there is the thief. You find it, my good doggie. You understand, do you?"

Prince wagged his head and tail, and then the two went in again. Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling at this one's coat and that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat-skirt of a genteel-looking man, and could not be shaken off.

The young man quickly made known the case to the by-standers who gathered around him, and had the thief's pockets duly searched. Six other watches were found about him, which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which their rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on again.—Prince selected out his master's property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all the complaint he sustained, the action of the Synod reversed, and the Synod censured.

The IDLER.

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every day life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage to any body. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a unit in society. He may have an income to support him, or he may be "sponged" on his good natured friends.

But in either case he is despised. Young men, do something in this busy, bustling, wide awake world. Move about for the benefit of mankind if not for yourself. Do not be idle. Gods law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted or however humble, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore do not be idle.

Christian Gentleman.

That eminently moral and christian gentleman, Thad. Stevens, in the exuberance of his kindness, said the other day, in his peculiarly winning way, of the rebels: "The penitentiary they deserve is already provided. The penitentiary of hell is the penitentiary they deserve."

He who trifles with time, has mistaken views of eternity, and is wanting in seriousness, spirituality, and integrity: "It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

A greenhorn standing by a sewing machine at which a young lady was at work, after looking at the machine and its fair operator, at length gave vent to his admiration with—"By golly! it's party, specially the part covered with caliker."

Let it be noted that all the acts of the President most loudly complained of by the politicians, are in the direction of leaving power in the hands of the people, where it rightfully belongs. The President says, "you must trust the people;" the radicals say you must not.

A schoolmaster says, I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is this the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, "I guess so, the teacher always sits on it." The stool was unoccupied that term.

The Brunswicker, published at Brunswick, Mo., has dropped its neutral character and taken a position favoring Andy Johnson's administrative policy.

It is a noticeable fact that we never hear of a Conservative man or newspaper turning Radical, but it is frequently the case that we hear of Radicals turning Conservative. —[Rolls Co. Record.]

Death of General Scott.

Washington, May 29.—The President, with profound sorrow, announces to the people of the United States the death of Winfield Scott, the late Lieutenant General of the army. On the day which may be appointed for his funeral, the several Executive Departments of the Government will be closed. The Secretaries of the War and Navy Departments will respectively give orders for the payment of appropriate honors to the memory of the deceased. ANDREW JOHNSON.

A Chance for Barnum.

Wellsburg, St. Charles Co. Mo.

Editor Republican:—I wish to inform you that on Tuesday, May 16th, my mare had a foal and it had but one eye, and that was in the centre of the forehead; it was a large white eye, with a black heart in the centre. It had no nose, and the chin and mouth the same as a man, with a beard on its chin; the jaws worked exactly like a mans. Every one round the country is coming to see it. It is the wonder of the age. THOS. LUCAS.

P. S. I forgot to mention that the foal, legs and tail are a perfect horse foal. It is three and a half feet high.

A man stopping his paper wrote to the editor:—I think fokes ottent spend their munny far papers my dady didn't and every body sez he was the most intelligent man in the kentry and got the smartest family uv boys that ever dugged taters.

The Rolla Express don't wish to complain, but thinks if its Radical friends do not shortly raise a subscription for its benefit, "they may be without a paper here, and that before long."

Has been in progress for several days in the M E Church (south) in this place, under conduct of Rev J O Swinney, assisted, for a portion of the time, by Revs Messrs. Wallace, of the Saline circuit, and Wm Penn of Koytville. The meetings have been well attended and great interest is manifested by the congregations. Up to last evening there had been seven additions to the church and 21 conversions.—Glasgow Times, May 25

A Protracted Meeting

Then, bestriding his steed, he galloped back to his post. As soon as he approached again, the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. "Well; are you satisfied, and do you give up the contest?" said the King. "Yes sire."

"Where are the keys of the town?" "On King Alfonso's breast; go and get them; we meet no more." "By heaven, we shall never part, exclaimed the King; "got the keys back yourself, and remain in command of the town in my name." The followers of the King murmured, and complained of his rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer one," said King John; "such rebels, when won, become the best of subjects."

One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the high towers of the beleagured city, a parley was sounded from the camp of the enemy.—The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked on the king below.

"Surrender!" said John again, "my rival, Alfonso is dead, and the whole of Castile recognises my sway as that of its legitimate sovereign."

"Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master." "Go then to Seville, where his dead body lies; you have my loyal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way, nor against the city in your absence." The knight came out with a banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks, and as he passed along, slowly riding his noble war horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host who had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume, which waved over his helmet was out of sight. He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the cathedral, where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened and after gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face, which met his looks, he thus addressed the dead monarch: "Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to anybody but yourself the keys of the town which you had entrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath," and he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso.

Then, bestriding his steed, he galloped back to his post. As soon as he approached again, the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. "Well; are you satisfied, and do you give up the contest?" said the King. "Yes sire."

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